

Where) which puts all his feelings for Olive into the shade. Yet, the rage, if young L. had met him once a fortnight would be any less, I could safely offer that. And I, who am bat-blind & mole-deaf to all human passion, have to decide what effort once a fortnight of combined with the Royal Duke would be likely to have on Olive's stability. ~~Happily~~ Happily, all people want is to talk about themselves: advice giving is a mere force.

Yes I think you're entirely right - it comes to that. I have noticed more small things, way of eating & sitting (& yet things through odd changes, that's all) which have built up by this time a very ^{delicately} ~~exaggerated~~ portrait. Than you imagine. I dare say I know as much about you as you about me. Anyhow I don't think you exaggerate considerably; I mean, one day you may be as robust & enthusiastic as — (oh a hawk merrid) & the next deadly nervous, caustic, rational, severe — the daughter of the General in short. She sometimes shocks me — the daughter of the metaphysician.

No, I don't think that L. & I 'share' — we analyse each other's idiosyncrasies — (you will like that phrase) in the light of psycho-analysis walking round the square. My reports, however, are apt to twist up into balls what's really amicable, warm, disinterested, & almost wholly affectionate. It's true that I demand less my faults.

A man wrote to the Observer last week to ask for some method of keeping letters written to the edge. No doubt there will be 20 dozen replies — which I'll send you.

My letter, I now hear, has created consternation in the Times office — a principle is involved — half the Times is in favour of printing, half not. So far the half not have prevailed. But they are still fighting — ^{my father} about Beaton's book I mean.

Monks House.

Christmas Day. 1930

It was very nice getting your letter this morning
Ethel Dear.

But this is only a scrawl, because I'm in
bed. That cold I had when you came has been
bubbling about, & coming here made it
worse. Hence a temperature; hence a bed in
my top room; where I lie, before a great log
fire. And ~~the~~ ^{the first} only rather over 99

This afternoon: & my alarm clock
cough (like you) (imagine) whirrs only
now & then. And my throat is less red & raw.
Still I'm blasted & I ever take the cold
care quietly for 10 days with a
view to finishing a book of this is what
happens. There's the how old letters on the
shelf; & I can't do a thing. And I'd just
got the wrong, I thought, at the end. Never
mind: I'm quite happy in many ways: I like
for turkey & wine tomorrow. Any letters
instead of roe & milk pudding

will be gratefully received. But then take such
an eye coming, I shall be well by the time
you get this. Yes, I wish I'd got your
book - it would be the very thing. I dip into
Victoria's letters - but mostly lie & look at the
fun. & is an, wasn't a perfect angel; he carried
my bed up, wraps his own little dressing

from round me, & another dinner &
prunes his hair, & does every little thing
just when I thought he wd. have a
fortnight's holiday: what a curse I am to him, to
be sure!

It turned balmy & fine. I can see the look in
the Chantry's face, & the down all pink & yellow
if I look over my head.

So no more at the moment. I am
not in the least bad - only its annoying -
at the moment - worse, though to be sure
Love. V. } Correcting your
 } Drunkish spirit.

I will write properly again.

Ms. A. 9. 2. 13

I will send you (if you like) Arthur, III - and the
Copy turned up.

Then a my ^{errata}
your present.

Mark's House,

Saturday 27th Dec 1930

Book come this morning, perfectly correct, -
very welcome. How clever ^{you are} to get it here!

Still in bed; throat cured, cough much
better, but temp. still goes on its
silly way - never over 100, never under
99. I suppose this the same influenza I
had last Feb: - that ~~she~~ celebrated occasion
when you came to see me: & I must
make up my mind, what with being
careful about headache (so on, &c)
to give up the time here to nothing but
mooching & lazing. I expect the
temp. will be normal in a day or
two - it's only the, what are called,
after effects that have to be swept up.

I try to philosophize & hope suppose that my mind will
store itself & that I shall have cut the last chapter
all the further for this break.

As you see from this egotism, one's mind gets
choked & not a fish & me. It pines & blows.

The Char's baby is ill. I keep very snug in bed in
the top room & porches in a leather coat.

I have lots of Christmas cards & bits of paper on tops of me.
Of course I snatched the red ink hanger in streaks at
once, with delight. I wish I hadn't read it already, but
shall try again. I read about the stars, & try to imagine
what is meant by their bending back. They must
take me to her better cope. That's about all my news. NYPL

I was sad to part with Ruel - she got nice & nice &
the relief of being on a probing, really. I find immense.
No huffs, no feelings. And she who is wanted to stay 100
feet underhand for her. As Kelly & her kidneys. What's
your next job? You say you've done this for the time.
I imagine something blowing through your hair off the
shingles at home - never been there but imagine
things. Cobble, wind blown evergreen. And I'm allowed to
wonder how I'm normal! So with. Love to Liz; &
please excuse this awful divorce & the egotistic philosophy
Haven't: who sends
her love V.

Nota 2.4.63

Monks House

Monday
29 Dec 1930

Your wire has just come. Look here - don't spend all
your fortune in wiring - L. W. at once tell you
I was worse. But I'm better. ^{much} In fact I'm
going to put on stockings & dress when I've had
lunch. The temp. is almost normal this
morning - has been between 99 & 100 until
today, but now I think this is the end. I
feel much better; don't sleep all the time;
have no headache; cough almost gone;
Eat everything, & hope for a drop of wine
tonight. I want to try to write - (Waver)
mean - for a few days, as these things hang
about; but I don't feel as done up as
I did last time. I can keep so quiet here that
I shall ~~not~~ have no temptation to sleep.
It's a bore of course, but I'm beginning to
plan a walk: & to plan what my next
sentence will be. & to

think with rapture of roast mutton.

See how the higher faculties aren't playing up -
One gets muffled in one room. All the same, last
night I read practically all streaks again with the
highest relish. It's the very book I want - as good
as watching Joyce Wilkerson play golf. - I found
J.W. read it almost as if new - a great tribute
to your insight & vision, which hoards enough ^{heat} to
warm one a second time. Lord what fun this! -
Any letters, any documents will be welcome. So
if you're nothing else - which is unlikely - do that.

I'm ashamed of this invertebrate jerkiness. The
muscles in one hand are highly unreliable - Can't
form a word. After 6 days in bed, but it comes back.
Now the sun is actually in the left hand corner of the
room & making the Church tower a silvery yellow, &
the beech trees bright green. And my lunch is coming - how
nice! Are you buffering against the gale? What
are you doing? And what wild state
is rushing through the giant Chambers
(reference to your eye in hats) of your brain?
V.

NYPL

Happy New Year

~~Jan 1~~

1931

Thanks Moore,

Saturday 9 Old Year

[1930]

Jan 1931

This can only be a lie as the postman may
be here any minute. Therefore the usual
Eggs: up: ran for a walk as for as
the Post office: a little wobbly; temp.
stays about 99; but that's no
account.

I've read the paper (Perrin) with the

most admirable at your destruction & annihilation.

I think there's one ~~grave~~ ^{big} fault of grammar somewhere
I forget: anyhow I've no purchase so will

keep it a day or two.  I'm going to

stay almost entirely speechless till we go back —

no more version than ordinary dinner — & as I don't
swear to be speechless if you were in the room

I'm going to forego that extravagant offer.

So you must write instead
Y!